

Vol. VI.

No. 9

THE GOAT



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

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NOVEMBER 1928.

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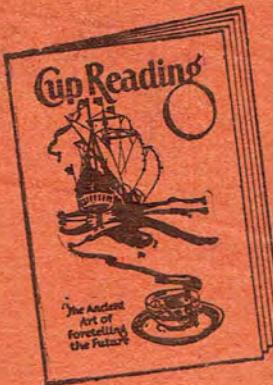
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MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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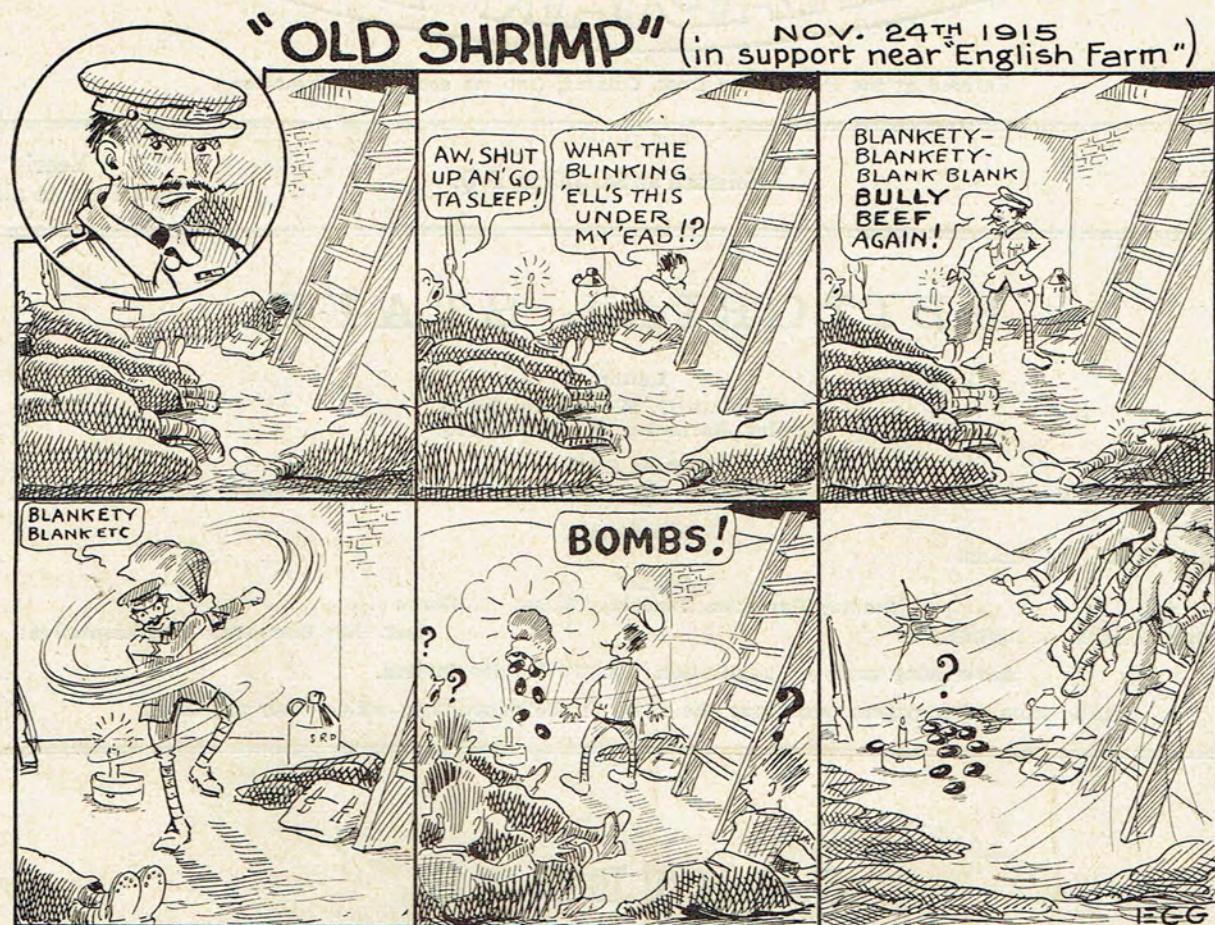
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Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.

Cutting from other papers must bear the name of the paper from which they are taken.

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Incident depicted above occurred in a wine cellar under the ruins of a house to the right of "English Farm."

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns.

On the 15th Nov. Brig.-Gen. W. B.M. King, C.M.G., carried out his annual inspection of the Squadron and later inspected the barracks and stables.

Prior to dismissing the Squadron the D.O.C. presented the following with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal: S. M. Doyle; S. M. Wardell, S. M. Hopkinson and Sergeant Campbell. We add our congratulations to those of the General.

S.M. Tamlyn and Sergeants Rowe and Blake left last week for Toronto to compete at the Royal. They are using Polly, Dolly and Billy. We wish them every success.

We were pleased to see Major Caldwell found time to call in at the dance during his visit to St. Johns recently, affording many the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance. We hope to see him again in the near future.

We wish to welcome Capt. H. M. Logan, R.C.R., Mrs. Logan and children to this station. We trust their stay here is congenial to them.

L/Cpl. Clarke has decided to return to England and will leave St. Johns as soon as his discharge comes through. We wish him every success.

Major F. Sawers, M.C. has been appointed D.C.O. for M.D. No. 2 and will leave St. Johns shortly and take up his new duties in Ontario. All ranks extend their best wishes for his future and trust he will not forget the many friends he leaves behind.

Tpr. Letourneau, whose leg was broken last summer during the mounted sports events and has been in hospital in Montreal for the past three months, is now back at the Station Hospital and expects to the discharge as fit shortly.

An exceedingly fine collections of war souvenirs was on display in the windows of Regnier's Drug Store armistice week. Mr. Regnier

served during the war with the C.A.M.C.

Q.M.S. Macdonald, R.C.E. paid a welcome visit to St. Johns recently. Mae is on the Topographical Section and is working at the St. Hubert Airport.

ARMISTICE DAY.

St. Johns

The tenth anniversary of the close of the war was observed by all ranks of this station. The garrison paraded on the square and in honour of our fallen comrades stood at attention for two minutes while wreaths were placed on the memorial clock. The garrison then marched to St. James church where an impressive service was conducted by Capt. Rev. P. Coulthurs.

In the afternoon the members of the Canadian Legion paraded to the St. Johns War Memorial where a guard of honour, provided by 'D' Co. The R.C.R. and under the command of Capt. H. M. Logan, was drawn up. Clergymen belonging to the various churches in town gave short talks and the usual ceremony in honour of the dead was held. A word in praise of the splendid turn-out by the R.C.R.'s is not amiss. Many of those who took part have only served a short time and for this reason their bearing was all the more creditable.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of S.M.-A. (W.O.1), Joseph Mountford.

Ever in our hearts and thoughts.

Wife and children.

TORONTO CENOTAPH

Stanley Barracks placed a wreath on the cenotaph in front of the City Hall on Saturday, Nov. 10th S.M.I. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M., represented the R.C.D. and Cpl. Maloney the R.C.R.

The above W.O. and N.C.O. must have been quite pleased in seeing their photo reproduced in all the daily papers.

"B" Squadron are practising

daily for the Musical Ride at the Royal Winter Fair. An innovation consisting of lighting effects, is being introduced this year.

S.S.M. W. Tamlyn, and Sgts. Rowe and Blake, of "A" Squadron and their three horses have arrived to participate in the Royal. All ranks were mighty pleased to see them again and we hope their stay will be thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. J. Scott, late of 3rd Troop, paid the barracks a visit on Tuesday the 13th. It was the first time we had seen him since he was taken prisoner at Moreuil Wood on the 30th March 1918. Scotty looked well and prosperous and we all enjoyed a long chat over old times. It may be of interest to the Old Comrades that Scott states that most of his time of nine months in "durance vile" was spent at Peronne, a town that most all remember. 'Nuff sed!'

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

Toronto

We extend a hearty greeting to the W.O.'s, S/Sgts. and Sergeants of H.Q., M.D. No. 2 on joining the mess. Many need no introduction and it is hoped that in the near future we shall meet them one and all.

S.S.M.G. Basley who heads the list has done considerable work in connection with the Garrison Sergeants' Association and this year is acting as Secretary to the Cribbage League. Amongst the others (who are too numerous to mention) is S.M. Kittie, R.C.E., a pre-war member of the Station Sergeants' Mess, and who knows every inch of it. (Here's our chance to get the billiard room fixed up.)

The Cribbage Season opened by playing a double header.

R.C.D. vs. Queen's Rangers.

H.Q. vs. Toronto Scottish.

The result was in favour of the Queen's Rangers and M.D. No. 2. The mess on this night was comfortably filled and many old faces were in prominence.

The mess was visited by S/Sgt. W. A. Tucker, R.C.E. of Ottawa, and we hope that he returns again soon.

Vocational Training (not under the M. and D.) has made its appearance at Stanley Barracks. Those wishing to avail themselves of this training should apply in person to S/Sgt. Simpson. (Those having taken 'C' Wing are disqualified.)

In the near future another branch of V.T. will be open to pupils. As there are many who have special qualifications pupils will be selected who have a lesser degree of ability. (Froth blowers not eligible.)

Q.M.S.I. P. Walshe is back again with us and looking very fit. Little time was lost in introducing him to the Musical Ride.

The D.O.C. Brig.-Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., inspected the Stanley Barracks Garrison on Tuesday the 6th of November. As usual it was an extremely windy day and all ranks had great difficulty in holding the correct position that is required for inspection purposes. Good Conduct and Long Service Medals were present by the D.O.C. to Q.M.S.I. H. E. Karcher, M.M. and Tptrs. G. Gill and J. MacDonald.

After the inspection of all ranks, the D.O.C. inspected all the barracks, buildings and stables.

Capt. E. Earnshaw (ex-Sgt. 'C' Squadron) now a resident of Guelph, Ont., paid a visit to the barracks recently. Ernie was in good fettle and wishes to be remembered to all his old friends.

The Stanley Barracks' Garrison, under the command of Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O. paraded to the St. Johns Garrison Church for the Armistice service which was conducted by Rev. J. Russell McLean. Previous to this service a wreath was placed upon the memorial tablet in the church in memory of those who paid the supreme sa-



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crifice in the late war.

It was very pleasing to note the great number of ex-officers and other ranks, together with their families, who attended the service. Among those present were Lt.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., Major E. A. Hethrington, Major Steer; Lieut. Arvis, Mr. MacBrien, Percy Morgan, Jock Davidson, Gene Morris, Frank Dunbar, Frank Fletcher and many others.

Bytown Bits.

Annual Inspection—The annual inspection of the Governor General's Foot Guards, was held at the Drill Hall on the evening of the 23rd October. The inspection was carried out by Brigadier W. P. Anderson, Commanding M.D. No. 3 in the immediate presence of His Excellency the Governor General and a large audience.

Staff Ride—On Sunday the 4th instant, the Officers of the P.L.D.G. held a staff ride under the direction of Lieut. Col. F. B. Inkster,

V. D. The exercise took the form of a cavalry advance guard to a division and was carried out in the vicinity of Bells Corners.

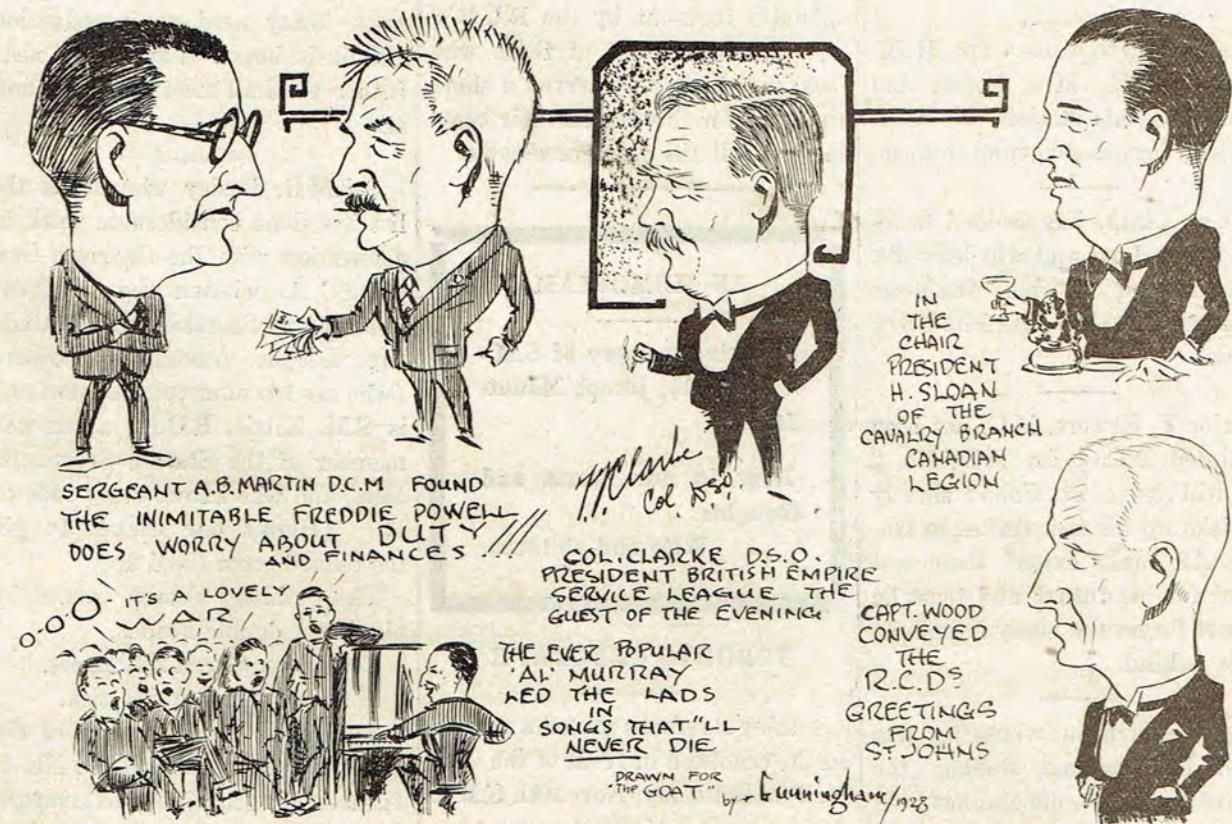
Former Director Passes—In the death at Ottawa the first of the month of Col. J. Alex Armstrong, C.B.E., C.M.G., the soldiers of Canada lost a friend who had done much to alleviate their sufferings in the war of 1914-1918. Colonel Armstrong served for a long period of time as captain in the old 43rd D.C.O. Rifles at Ottawa, and being a dentist by profession, impressed upon Major General Sir Sam Hughes, at the commencement of the war the necessity for an organized Dental Corps. He was authorized to go ahead with the project and as a result the Canadian Army Dental Corps came into being. He was appointed Director of Dental Services and held that appointment until after the Armistice. Previous to the organization of the Corps, the work had been performed partially by the C.A.M.C., but the formation of the new Corps revolutionized the work to a high degree of efficiency. Many thousands of men

received treatment by officers of the corps and the health of the Canadian Corps was improved to a large degree. For his services Col. Armstrong was created a C.M.G., and also made a Companion of the Order of the British Empire.

Winter Fair—The annual Winter Fair will be held in Ottawa the first week in December and already a large number of entries have been received from prominent show horsemen of Canada. The extra features this year include the Gym Squad from the Royal Military College Riding establishment and special stunts by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Signals Meet—The annual meeting of the Canadian Signalling Association was held in Ottawa recently. The election of officers resulted in Colonel F. G. Malloch, of Hamilton being appointed president and the secretary is Colonel A. W. Beaumont, of Ottawa.

Armistice Parade—The Ottawa garrison, accompanied by thousands of veterans turned out on



CAVALRY DINNER

A successful 'get-together' of those who served overseas with the Cavalry was held on October 27th at the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal. About 50 attended and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Unfortunately we are unable to give a very detailed account of the dinner, in fact we had a hard time finding out who were present, as we had to rely on the memory of S.M. (Charlie) Smith, if you know what we mean. He says, however, that he is fairly sure of the follow-

Sgt. A. B. Martin, Willie London, Tich Martin "chairman" Sloan, Freddie Powell, Maj. Mingie Maj. Chas Ormstead, Lieut. McClelland, Harold Short, "Biddy" Penny, Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D. and apologies for those not mentioned.

Sunday the 11th instant in commemoration of the signing of the Armistice on Nov. 11th, 1918. In all some four thousand were on parade under command of Colonel L. P. Sherwood. The temporary cenotaph on Parliament Hill was the scene of the action when hundreds of wreaths were deposited.

War Memorial—According to the statement of the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, who has recently returned from England, the Dominion War Memorial that is to be erected on Connaught Place in Ottawa is well under way to completion. A large amount of work however remains to be done and it is not expected that it will be in place until the spring of 1930. According to reports the memorial will be at least 70 feet high.

New Chief—After a short year and a half of office as Chief of Staff, the retirement at the end of the present year of Major Gen. H. C. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G., is announced. Major General Thacker has had 35 years' service in the Permanent Force and retires to a well earned pension. His place will be filled by Brig.-Gen. Andrew McNaughton, at present in command at Victoria B.C. 'Slide Rule Andy' has many friends in Ottawa where he was stationed for some years after the war as Director of Training.

November 6th—This is a sample of what we got after various and repeated efforts: 'With a majority 400,000,000 is the city of New York the time is now 8.45 o'clock Eastern Standard Time—being broadcast through the Blaah network of Chicago and New York—and the great and glorious peopul of the sovereign States of—is urgently requested to communicate with his home in Peoria—a great vindication of the rights of the free and independant eleecoc electorate;—former State Senator Blinks of Idaho will now speak—bring broadcast direct from the office of Mayor Thompson in Chicago City Hall—glorious victory—the Sidewalks of New York—the brown derby is forever obsolete—is known to be armed and will shoot to kill—now signing over to the grill room of the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa—posts de la radio C.N.R.M.—elected by an overwhelming majority

with 4000 polls to hear from—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the confidence you have—wire Bureau of Detectives at Philadelphia—and then the static of ether and polities grew so dense that the plug burnt out.

"Chicago" Notes.

"ORGANIZATION OF NEW AMERICAN CAVALRY DIVISION."

The latest information available from Washington, is that steps have been taken by the War Department to modernize regular army cavalry units by the introduction of airplanes, tanks, armored cars, trucks and automatic weapons.

Major General Herbert B. Crosby, Chief of Cavalry, announced that it has been decided to decrease the peace strength of a cavalry regiment but increase its fire power by twice its former strength. The new strength of a peace time cavalry regiment will be 690 enlisted men as compared with the previous 818.

The outstanding features of the new cavalry division (peace strength), are:—

1—The incorporation of a division service (one observation squadron and one photo section) as an integral part of the cavalry division.

2—The incorporation of an armored car section of 12 armored cars.

3—The addition of a light tank company to the special troops of the division.

4—The motorization in part of the divisional train, quartermaster corps, one motor repair section, and one motor transport company having been substituted for one of the two wagon companies.

5—A general reduction in overhead.

6—Partial motorization of the rear echelon of divisional headquarters.

The aggregate strength of the peace division is slightly over 5000 and it will be a well balanced force, highly mobile and instantly available upon the outbreak of war.

THE ELECTIONS RESULTS IN THE UNITED STATES

The overwhelming victory for the Republican Party in the recent Presidential Election held on Nov-

ember 6th, was as unexpected as it was decisive. While the majority of close students believed that Herbert Hoover would be elected by a safe majority, few looked for the landslide which took place.

The immense vote polled, of nearly 40,000,000, was a record for any country, and showed the great interest taken in the election. After one of the most bitter campaigns in the history of the country, the Republican platform was strongly endorsed throughout for the first time since re-construction.

Religion, Prohibition, Tariff and Prosperity, entered largely into the result and the Democratic Candidate, Governor Smith of New York, in spite of his strong personality, could not overcome the many forces against which he had to battle. The religious issue was strongest in the South and here also, his Wet policy lost many votes. The present prosperity of the country under Republican administration was hammered at the voters and few felt like changing a party which had given them the unprecedented boom.

Prohibition, as in all Referendums held in Ontario, found strength in the larger cities, but was overwhelming defeated in the rural districts, where the record breaking majorities in favour of the Republicans were amassed. Very few voters believed that either Candidate could do very much towards alteration in the famous Volstead Act, and possibly the wet platform Governor Smith adopted, was more of a handicap than an asset.

Herbert Hoover, the next President, is so widely known for his war activities, that he needed no introduction to the American people. His successful handling of all problems undertaken by him as Secretary for Commerce, has made his name a household word throughout the country. That he will be a President fully fitted in every way to carry on the work of his predecessor, no one can doubt and the confidence the business interests have in his administration was immediately reflected on the stock market.

To Governor Alfred E. Smith, the defeated Democratic nominee goes the respect with which the people of this country have learned to hold him, since his entry into the Presidential campaign. Fearless,

outspoken and untiring, he carried on the campaign in the face of bitter feeling, with admirable credit to himself and his party. Handicapped by education, religion and national obscurity, he became in the space of a very short time, the most talked of man in the country, and the enthusiastic receptions he received wherever he spoke, testified to the universal esteem in which he was held. Though defeated by a majority of gigantic proportions, he polled the largest number of votes ever cast for any previous candidate, and went down to defeat a far greater man than he was when he first entered the Presidential Arena.

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"You Know What I Mean."

Be Careful, Duckies!—Capt. J. Wood and Cpl. Desnoyers were seen together on the Square the other afternoon gazing in a north-easterly direction, the former with that far-away look in his eye.

Almost time to get out the old skates and send home a picture playing hockey.

Harry Gravel (better known as "Kid" Gravel of boxing fame) Sundayed at the Barracks. Harry is bar-keep now at one of the hotels on the border and contemplates an early marriage.

The Social Season has begun here in earnest, George Cousineau's beauty parlor doing a brisk trade.

The Silver Knight has presented the Goat staff with one of his pictures, same being admired very much.

The writer bought a ticket in the Manchester Handicap, which will be run on the 24th of this month, and if by any good luck he should win the £45,000 (pds) there will be a good opening in THE GOAT Office for a sober young man who can run a first class publication on a shoe-string.

Cpl. Desnoyers (who now weighs 289 lbs.) has come out flatly in favour of mechanized cavalry. Some say he has a selfish motive in desiring to discard the horse.

"The Count" has eggs served to him in the mess whenever we have pork with our meals, which is another sign that you cannot stop progress even in the army.

L/Cpl. Clarke is another one of our boys who has made good, having been elected secretary of the Men's Mess. Congratulations.

Charlie Ward and Hank McGorman who spent the weekend in Montreal came back with the old one that they hadn't seen a drunk all the time they were up there.

It's getting too cold now for the boys to sit out on the canteen veranda and pass remark about the young ladies who pass.

The writer, having heard remarks of a threatening nature passed by certain individuals whose names appeared in the last issue, is now taking a correspondence course by Lion Stronguy. A word to the wise, etc.

The new coffee-bar has opened and it is expected to cut in quite a bit on the canteen profits these cold mornings.

Tpr. Allingham (horseman, barrack-room lawyer, etc.) is very partial to duck, especially when it comes to the necking variety.

Frontenac's Special English Ale on sale at the canteen, 5 cents a glass (small one). Advertisement.

Quack, Quack!

We wish to apologize to Tpr. White (spellbinder) for coupling his name with three amateurs, viz: Hoover, Smith and George Henderson. You're right, boy; you're in a class by yourself.

A gigantic flag-pole has been erected on the lawn close to where the captured German gun rests. Aviators are advised to be careful when flying in this vicinity.

The old flag-pole on the ramparts had a fit and broke down while the workmen were preparing to hoist the new one. It was known to have been despondent for some time.

Ducks are ripe in the province of Quebec. Any of our readers (both of you) who would like a brace should get in touch with Cpl. Desnoyers. They'll cost you nothing.

At the Barrack dances it is said that the girls lead the boys. But look at the fun the boys have chasing them.

You hear a lot about farm relief in the papers, but there'll be no relief from C.O.'s parades and kit inspections for us until the horse-shows are over.

"Ginger" Jennings says the secret of riding is 'balance.' If this is so, then how come Daugherty fell off the other day. He's got money in the bank.

"The Count" says unless his expenses come down he'll have to buy one of these new fangled 'figure' reducers.

There's some talk of stripped-saddle inspection next Saturday.

There was a bit of a shake-up in 2nd Troop last month but things look just about the same.

Why eat downtown when you can get a ham sandwich in the coffee-bar for ten cents?

Another D.O.C.'s inspection come and gone and we breathe a sigh of relief.

A prominent senior N.C.O. got quite peeved the other day because we locked up the cash-box while he was visiting THE GOAT office.

Please accept our apologies S.M. for our lack or tact.

C.O.'s parades are the order of the day, in fact the boys are getting so used to them they don't even bother to shine their buttons now.

If such a thing is possible, it seems that the floor in the gym is becoming too smooth for dancing. One of the members was asked by his partner at the last dance if he had been drinking.

Have you heard the latest song hit? "Where do all the ducks go in the winter time?" Cpl. Desnoyers has kindly consented to sing it at the next smoker.

Tpr. Cailler: "No thanks, I've got cigarettes of my own."

Word has been received from Toronto that Tommy Sheehy (sergeant and worshipper of Oliver Goldsmith) recited the following gem on the 200th anniversary of the birth of his beloved poet:

"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and nonsense and
learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning."

Scientists who are puzzling their brains over that mysterious toad which was recently discovered after having been buried for several centuries, might also explain to us how the 2 moths which flew out of Tpr. Robinson's purse the other night in the canteen could possibly sur-

vive after having been confined so long.

The Silver Knight says in 28 days he will have a G.C. Badge. Besides being the one and only "Silver Knight" he will also have the distinction of being the only soldier in Canada with a "G.C." Badge, which stands for 'Girl Catcher's badge.'

Tpr. Daugherty rode out one day,
Smiling and happy and gay;

But he fell with a thud—
Struck his face in the mud—
Did he buy in the canteen that day?

Tpr. Allingham (who, by the way is rapidly acquiring a distinctly Scotch accent) sold his uke and will use the proceeds to buy his lassie a Xmas present (Which finger Teddy, will it go on?)

THE GOAT continues to appeal to the general public, our list being increased last month by two new subscribers. (Both of them were recruits.)

Every knock is a boost.

In accordance with the latest army order, parades in the future will be optional. Instead of the usual 'no exemptions' the following will be inserted in orders: "Those wishing to attend, etc., etc." If, however, the 'no exemption' clause should appear by mistake. (and you do not feel disposed to attend) then simply ignore it.

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find \$1.00 renewal of my subscription to THE GOAT.

I am always looking forward for the next issue and enjoy every line of it.

I had the great pleasure of meeting some of our old comrades in Calgary a few weeks ago: J. L. Shrimpton, late 'C' Squadron. Tom Muir, late 'B' Squadron, also Tpr. Evans, 'B'.

I also met Jim Kinley, late of 'A' Sqn. and ex-Sgt. F. McCartney while in Medicine Hat. May say that we had a nice little time together, and it does one good to meet some of the old pals again.

With best wishes to all old comrades,

Yours truly,
F. (Paddy) DOYLE.

Many of our present serving members as well as old comrades will not fail to recall the familiar figure of one of our most genial officers in the person of Major W. R. Kingsford when serving with 'C' Squadron.

Unfortunately Major Kingsford was wounded in the early stages of the war and upon his return to France decided to try his luck with the infantry, serving with the 24th Battalion, C.E.F. Upon return to his native soil, after the weary years of war, Major Kingsford, who was ever an adventurous spirit, decided to try his luck at guerilla warfare, then in full swing in Mexico and he has remained in that country ever since, taking part, no doubt, in many hair-raising exploits. We feel sure that if he ever contemplates writing a book on his adventures it will be a best seller, providing it is first run in serial form in THE GOAT.

The following, his first contribution, is a most interesting account of his capture by the rebels and is written with an underlying sense of humour that is quite refreshing.

The staff and readers of THE GOAT join in sending him their hearty thanks and best wishes for his future career and hope that he will always remember us and continue to keep us posted on his activities by sending us an article now and again on the rejuvenation of "unhappy" Mexico and its attendant worries.

THE EDITOR.

This is a contribution to the "Goat" and please don't run your sanguinary red editorial pencil through a word of it. Last Sunday 21st October, I was placidly reading "The First Round" by Lucas when I heard what might be rifle fire or fire-crackers at the hour of siesta. The Mexicans are always letting off fire-crackers and rifles for religious purposes so I did not pay enough attention to the noise. After a little, Jesus, a servant of the Hacienda, I am trying to manage, came to tell me that there was a rumor of 700 rebels approaching Autlan. I didn't pay enough attention to him and his rumor but kept on reading as I thought that the garrison would be able to attend to them without their being able to get closer. What I should have done (now I am wise after the event I see quite clearly) was to have saddled up at once and bolted off to a flank in the corn-fields where the corn is high and green and gives lots of concealment. What I did do was to pass the rumor on to the women of the household and keep on reading. They seemed to think there was nothing much to bother about and they know their country better than I do. The rifle-fire kept on increasing and the trumpet of the garrison sounding. As the infantry manouvre by trumpet sound I still thought that it was not my affair. It was still all some distance away. Then there was silence. Then more firing and quite close and much heavier firing and I commenced to feel as if I had taken a nine. I felt that that would never do so resolutely buried myself in St. Johns Lucas and can recommend Chapter XIX to anyone in a similar situation.

The situation was not at all pleasant. These rebels are of the Popular Party as they miscall themselves. They have been in the field for two years and were originally headed by priests but I gather that the priests soon got disgusted with them and their methods and very few remain in the field with them. Their battle cry is "Viva Cristo Rey." Religion is very much mixed up with their cause and their life, but it is not a religion that appeals to me at least in the way they apply it. They regard horses as war material and anything else they require such as clothes and money and anything they can carry away and turn into money. So far I have never heard of their carrying off women or molesting them but their definition of war material (with that exception, to give the devils their due) is very comprehensive. They are all mounted riflemen and well mounted as they have had the pick of all the mounts stolen in this State where every one is a horseman. Their tactics are to raid and rob and ride away but they have never till last Sunday attacked Autlan which is a town about three miles square with a garrison of say eighty well-armed infantry. Some of the rebels are fanatically religious and are very much down on Masons and Protestants and Agraristas. Agraristas are another party with political delusions and equal ability as regards robbery. I am not a Mason but I am a protestant, though not a vigorous one, and I have had occasion, in connection with the management of the Hacienda, to show unfriendliness to their robberies and so had no desire to come to closer contact with them and especially two of their lesser chiefs.

It is a trying situation for a civilian with property to protect and with a degree of military training to be mixed up with the armed politicians of a foreign country, such as Mexico. I have no real sympathy with any political party but consider that the Government has been very supine in giving us protection and public services for which taxes have been paid. But enough of beastly politics.

Means of escape there were now



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none and the hope that the garrison would be able to defend us was evaporating. The firing was now in the heart of the town on all sides of us and the M.G. of the garrison was making a great deal of noise. We could hear shouts and cries and hear men running down the street shouting "Viva Cristo Rey—Viva! Viva! Viva Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe—Viva! Viva!" St. John Lucas was no more help to me. I tried to persuade the women to climb over a high wall to a nearby corral where I thought they would be safer. I shut and locked the door and hid some important papers and then forced the women to beat a retreat as the rebels were already hammering on the door. I barely got the women away and turned to the question of what to do next when that was decided for me because they had battered their way into the house and I was covered by the pistol of Colonel Vicente Cuevas, one of their chief chiefs. His men were taking my two horses, one a splendid young grey recently bought, the other an older and faithful bay that had stood up to his work with me for six years. My blood pressure was decidedly high till that moment. I was rather glad the strain was over. The uncertainty of what one should or can do in moments like these is not nearly so happy a state as that of a soldier who knows his enemy and his duty, even if this duty does place him in a tight corner. Uncertainty is hell. Dear Vicente relieved me of it. In my broken Spanish I asked the beast whether he was going to run off with my horses and he replied: "si y Usted tambien" (Yes and your grace as well) so I was haled away a prisoner. He handed me over to Sargento Francisco Corona and told me that my ransom was five thousand pesos. Fortunately they took me to the corral of a neighbour whose wife appeared soon after and got the sergeant to let me come into the house. In the presence of her husband, who was hiding under the couch, she gave the sergeant an impossibly good report of me, telling him I had been baptized in my own country and was nothing more than a mad old pensioner who madly chose to live in Mexico and that she could swear by the Virgin, or what he held most sacred, that I had no more money than my good

old pension which I received and spent monthly and that it was no good thinking they had captured in me one of the rich citizens of Autlan. Her report stood me in good stead then and after.

I was now with the rebels and as much afraid of the bullets of the garrison as they were. It is wonderful how one's point of view can quickly change. We "stood to" for three hours then we mounted. They lent me a splendid, fast, strong mule and concentrated at their point of entrance to the town. There we stood to mounted while they were marshalling themselves and then moved round the outskirts of the town to a rendezvous to the westward a few miles, and dismounted. Old Corona had never all the time let me out of range of his beastly fire arms. There was a calvary by the road-side with candles burning and a priest and others praying. Later I saw that they were having a burial service over two dead men but it was about 2 a.m. and very dark and I laid down tired out and slept like a dog. I had borrowed a blanket from my kind neighbour otherwise I was in shirt and duck trousers and a pair of old shoes and socks—no money—no pipe or tobacco. They had stolen my hat but at the last moment I had picked up a very old cowboy hat. I was awoken by someone trying to bury me in mistake for the dead. I told him not yet but "mñana." I found I was not the only one they had captured; a rich merchant also and the local druggist and a ranchero like myself. The rich merchant was Lascero Julian a native of Mount Lebanon and as a Ibanese, a French subject. The other two were Mexicans, the druggist as rich as one would expect a local druggist to be the other with nothing but his few livestock. The rebels in the dark and confusion of their raid had not made a very rich haul of prisoners. I considered that the time was not ripe to protest that I was a British subject and of no value to them but from then on tried to convince them of my utter worthlessness. For a time I thought that the word "future" would be as redundant as that in the circular about the "oil portrait fund" in your last issue. Some one through the night gave me a cup of cinnamon tea, with a dash of methylated spirits in it.

At dawn we mounted and away

up into the mountains. It was a beautiful morning and it was a delight to be once more with mounted fighting men, well mounted and fresh after a splendid sleep. If there had been any choice I would sooner have been with almost any other party and in any other capacity.

I must now branch off into topography, etc. Jalisco is the New Galicia of New Spain and one of the richest states of the Republic. Lots of mineral and lots of good pastures. Here old customs and old manners cling and we are very religious. Cattle is our calling. Autlan is the capital of the canon or county of that name and situated on a plain surrounded by mountains which further north become the Rockies though here they are high enough for me, very rugged and generally covered with oak forest.

North of the town a few miles they rise to 7500 feet and that height continues as a ridge west of Autlan to the pass of El Obispo where there is a sheer drop down into tropical country, where cattle tick abound. There are spurs from the main ridge pointing westward and acting as buttresses to it. The roads are mere tracks where the troops could only go in single file. The contours are beastly close together and very entrant and re-entrant. Lower down between the spurs the country is flatter and there are a few small plains but it is mostly jungle and forest and innumerable streams flow down from the hills and in this season freshets are frequent. At this time of the year the rains—the tick are full grown which was fortunate as when they are small and innumerable as in drier times.

We prisoners were kept together as far as the track would allow but dear old Corona kept close to me. Hunger was manifest and he gave me a drink of milk, robbed and fresh milked by the roadside, about an inch in a small cup. By daylight I could see there were a lot of rebels, they said about 700. A General Ibarra in command. His force and that of Vicente and that of General Buquet had concentrated for the raid. There was a Colonel Mendes—a fine fellow—perhaps educated in a Jesuit College, one of Buquet's people. We became friends—that is with cer-

tain reservations. The priest and the generals seemed to keep together perhaps to keep tab on each other, or perhaps not to see the depredations of the troops. There seemed to be few of lower rank than sergeant. Everyone went at the pace that best suited himself or his mount. We climed up the ridge to the west entering it by the valley which further east spreads out and forms the valley of Autlan. It was cold up in the high parts and when we dropped sheer down below into the tropical heat we were sheltered by the forest. Corona and I got to our halt, the town of Purificacion, in about six hours. They put me in a house with the gentlemen rebels of Corona's outfit and kept me there. I offered my parole if they would let me look for more comfortable quarters. After a bit I was fed on what there was. It was beastly hot. I had a sleep sitting. By that time the other prisoners had arrived and we were moved together to one of the best houses in the town and had supper. The generals supped with us and treated up with the greatest consideration asking us to sit down first in the "after-you-my-dear Alfonze" style. I got rather fed up with Lasero Julian who wanted to respond for us and conduct our case for us which he did whether I liked it or not. In a foreign tongue it was difficult to tell him to mind his own business. Mexicans and apparently Lebanese don't seem to like my direct if truthful methods. Later we were called, one by one, aside by Colonel Mendes and I stated my case to him. That I was a British Subject and they had no right or excuse to take or keep me. He said they thought I was an American and that fed me up and made me rage. I told him I was a Canadian—a very different thing; I told him that I was an Anglican Catholic (rather out of practice) and in Canada some of my best friends were Roman Catholics and we were 40% Catholics and managed to live in harmony. He got off on the subject of American interference in Mexican affairs and we mutually cursed the Monroe Doctrine. He set that my ransom at 500 pesos. I told him I had saved up to buy a cow and had a hundred and asked him to let me off even that but that was what I could dispose of. He said that as regards rights they considered

themselves to be doing right in taking the field against what he called the tyranny of the present regime and they intended to keep in the field and at least embarrass the government and in taking me hoped they had done so. That they had good hopes for more but to keep the field they had to kill the troops to get rifles and ammunition. That had a good share of success and had they must have elementos de guerra (war material) and would I not help? I replied that it was none of my business. That would I not join them in the field? That would I not help them to get arms and ammunition from Canada? that I could make my fortune in doing so, they would pay good prices and after when in power, they would give me anything I should ask for. I was in the wilderness but the temptation to me was no temptation. I have scruples about making money that way but can quite understand another point of view from which such action would be towards acquiring much merit. I have held that even a bad government that tries to govern is better than a change to new people who have had no experience in governing and that a bad government in a democracy must in time purge itself of its bad elements or perish. That may not be true in Mexico. The Mexicans are a patient race willing to do anything manana but have not the patience to let evolution replace revolution. I believe the offer Mendes made me is still open, any takers? Mexicans are to me most interesting and fascinating but I can never in the least understand them however. Few have what we call education and it was a treat to meet an educated one and it shows how charming they can become when I found myself actually liking Colonel Mendes who was my captor and trying to put it across me. He left us to talk over our cases with the chiefs. We all slept in the same room with a rebel sleeping in the doorway and a guard in the passage.

The following day we did not move from Purificacion but Mendes went to telephone for our ransoms—mine had come down to 200 pesos. We were told that next day we would be free. I had the pleasure of dining with the chiefs and priest and of seeing my horses being led out to water. We were allow-

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ed to have a swim in the river of Purificacion. Later it was arranged that our ransoms would arrive the following day but in the meantime we must move to the next halt as the government troops were too close.

In the morning the rebels formed up in the plain outside the town and I could see that they were numerous but with non-descript arms. I am not up to describing the scene but what took my eye was the three flags of the three chiefs. Green, white and red with the white inscribed 'Ejercito Nacional Libertador' round the eagle and serpent and other letters—I think about Guadalupe. Quite inspiring in the limpid air after a heavy downpour the night before and all the plain green and mountains mauve. The small plain of Purificacion soon loses itself in the foothills where our next halt was. The going very bad with morasses of mud in the flat and nasty treacherous banks to the streams and we had to cross a lot of them and tick thick. If one doesn't know tick and what they can do it is no use more than mentioning them

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— they are the dread of my life and leave sores behind that last six weeks. I escaped them till at night. I was approaching the borders of the Hacienda and could count on friends there but didn't want the Hacienda or the friends to suffer. I also did not want to be asked for money of account of its owner and so kept as close to the chiefs as possible as I knew that their followers would pounce on me for money from the Hacienda if I was away from their protection. The following day the troops left us and one of them stayed behind and commenced to pump me so I became even stupider than ever and he went away saying we would meet again. He was the one I particu-

larly did not want to know. They left us without mounts but a local ranchero got some for us, a rotten old crock for me, and we set out late. On the way back to town we met some rebels in flight. They had met the troops. We resolved to flank both troops and rebels and struck to our left up into the hills and had no more trouble though at the last moment a rebel tried to take my mount and the priest coming along at the moment saved me a lot of possible trouble. We struck the right flank of the Government troops and were haled before the general who had come much quicker than the rebels expected and had emptied a saddle or so. He was decent to us and told us he had prevented our money from reaching the rebels for which I was thankful. I hope it is right to be thankful but Autlan isn't any more secure this Sunday than last and they can come any day to ask for it and probably more also. We left Purificacion behind us and after a short sleep climbed back between 2 a.m. and 8 a.m. into our homes. The rebels are mostly lewd fellows of the baser sort but the commander isn't nor the priest nor Mendes and Buquet. They must have a hard time shutting their eyes to what goes on. Vicente will come to a bad end but he is a brave and fearless man. When I got home I found that the rebels had stolen four saddles, three of them new, and had picked upon my tin boxes and stolen some of my clothes including my old R.C.D. blazer and a Victoria Rifles jacket with wound bar, 2nd C.D. patches, service stripes, badges and buttons complete which I kept as a memento of that proud and fighting battalion. It is a bluddy shame to think of some rascally rebel wearing those badges and I hate to think that it is my fault. The blazer is so old that they will soon throw it away. They also opened a leather letter case but did not steal the important documents though they ran off with the three War Medals-Mons, Victory and Allied—it contained. I suppose I should apologise for being run off with but it is the first time and I have always managed to evade that kind of thing which has been going on since 1922 when I came here but lately has become worse than usual.

(Continued on page 19)

Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

Back yet Again

It is all too true. On Sunday, September 17th we pulled out at six o'clock in the morning and trekked back to Querrier. No need for me to spread myself on our impressions of things in general. No official details were issued. The general impression was that once again things had not gone according to schedule, once again the enemy had failed to act as a self-respecting enemy should. Here were we waiting to shove him completely off the map and the silly ass refused to be shoved. How thoughtless!

Those actually engaged in the business of war fare know very little indeed of what's going on. Their information comes from the Continental edition of a very popular newspaper. This paper has an enormous sale amongst the troops. Greedily do we devour the news permitted by the censors to be spread before the world. Very rarely is this news reliable. But how it bucked us up at times! Just the same it was always delightfully uncertain. Facts to-day are denied to-morrow. How we rejoiced to read of the steady advance of the Russian Steam Roiler that was going to flatten Germany into nothingness; how we glowed when we heard of the thousands upon thousands of prisoners that were daily falling into the hands of these wonderful Russians. These printed figures were colossal and one secretly rejoiced over the fact that at this rate there would soon be insufficient opposition to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. Despite the amazing numbers falling into the hands of the Russians, friend Fritz seemed able to bear the blow with surprising fortitude. He continued to harass us, continued to check our advance so well that he was the indirect means of sending the Canadian Cavalry Brigade back down the line with their tails, not up arrogantly, but dragging limply in the dust.

A short period at Querrier then back farther and farther. For two whole days we travel until the

report of the guns no longer is heard. No longer is the olfactory nerve offended by smells of decomposing flesh. Other smells take their place. Once again does the ubiquitous manure pile become evident. Dirty, unwashed, unshaven Tommies are replaced by the dainty female farm servants of France. Close contact brings with it the realization that there are smells in the pure, fresh countryside as bad as, if not worse than, the corruption of a battle field. The one is unavoidable while the other is inexcusable. That's all the difference and what a difference that is! For all that shall we be very generous and venture the possibility that the whole-hearted zeal with which these dainty wenches have taken upon themselves the task of keeping the home fires burning quite precludes any devotion of their time to the unimportant matter of keeping their bodies clean and wholesome? Shame, Shame.

LeMesge of Bitter Memory

For two whole days did we travel. The wise men of the assembly (and of these were there many) declared we were bound for the sea-coast again. At the end of the second day we halted at LeMesge, unsaddled with the conviction that the morrow would see us continuing the journey downwards. Some few had it from gool authority (No. 3 Compartment) that we'd find ourselves en route for the Somme again. Time will decide the question. Being detailed for picquet upsets all my private arrangements for a small game of poker. Tried to persuade my sergeant that he'd got his "roll" slightly mixed but like all sergeants declared himself infallible and I did the picquet. Middle shift, by all that was wonderful. Nice long uninterrupted sleep and a picquet to my credit. Could be worse, you know.

Morning comes but no orders are issued as to moving. All day we "Stand to." Officers and N.C.O.'s go about with an air of baffling annoyance, as though they could tell

what is the wind if they so wished. Really they know no more than does the humble Buck but what's the odds. We care not a damn how soon we move quarters for clearly LeMesge is no place for gentle, refined soldiers such as ourselves.

This LeMesge really is a hell of a place. Just a miserable little village hidden away from the rest of France. The village itself is just across the river. To reach it one navigates over a rickety board that quickly develops signs of premature decay under the weight of increased traffic. Lower down is a stone bridge but the board saves much valuable time so becomes the favoured route. Being a village it must needs have a church much too elaborate for its station. LeMesge boasts an Epicerie, the scene of many dark deeds at later dates, a couple of Estaminets and a Boulangerie. This latter is not easy to find for the baker is a most retiring sort of a man who has hidden his bakery in a dirty little house far from the stream of humanity that throngs the sidewalks of LeMesge. That's about all there is. Naturally there is the usual complement of little farms that have no reason at all to offer for their being. Very calm and peaceful for those of a reflective turn of mind. Mine, unfortunately, is not, so there's no need for me to say whether or not I like this place. Being intelligent, you know. To reach the village from our lines.. Oh, yes, that's right. Forgot to tell you our location. The horses are billeted on lines in a valley about a hundred yards this side of the river, and we have built our 'Bivvys' on the side of a rather steep bank beyond the horses and away from the river. Now you see the situation I'll continue. To reach the village one slides down the hill, passes the horse lines, giving, en route, the picquet the ha-ha; continues until brought up by the river, searches for until discovering the frail plank, slithers across river, finds one's self in an orchard brightly decked with fine red apples which, as is to be expected, disappear in a most extraordinary manner, crosses the orchard, climbs what is left of the wire fence erected there in the year 1324 and finds himself on the main street of the flourishing village of LeMesge.

The few inhabitants are glad to have us in their midst. The female



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population find us different somewhat from the derelicts of their own race who are unable to take up arms in a good, just, cause. Business picks up miraculously. The harassed owner of the Epicerie finds her stock that has been on hand since she started in business some 50 years ago, showing signs of depletion and the discovery fills her grasping soul with unholy joy. The price of eggs jumps alarmingly each day and as for the baker, he, poor man, finds himself totally unable to cope with the insistent demand for 'Bread, Monseer.. don't yer compree?.. Bread.. stuff wot yer eats.. you know, Bread.. Big loaf.. Bread.. don't compree? can yer beat it Bill? Talk French to 'im! Sure, Monseer, donnay moy der pain.. Don't compree yet? Don't understand his own langwidge.. Some dump. Heer Eddie you talk to 'im. He's sold out? Why the hell couldn't 'e say so.

These natives find themselves right in the middle of a big financial boom and think very highly of the men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons who make such an unusual position possible.

(To be continued)

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Some Recollections of Service with the Imperials.

KASSASSIN—9th SEPTEMBER, 1882.

By Brigadier-General C. F. Winter, R. of O.

(Reprinted from the Canadian Defence Quarterly with their kind permission.)

The advanced troops of Sir Garnet Wolseley's Expeditionary force in Egypt, 1882, had for some ten days occupied a position at Kassassin Lock, on the Sweetwater Canal, awaiting the arrival of other units of the Infantry Division and artillery, detailed for the turning movement from the Suez Canal against the main forces of the enemy in the Nile Valley and Delta. Ammunition and stores had been gradually accumulated from the ships in rear, mostly floated up on the canal from Ismailia, some 25 miles distant, on pontoons, and were parked on the sandy desert on the north bank in a great open square, in conjunction with which was a large corral impounding several hundreds of wild, long-horned Spanish oxen intended for ration beef for the troops in the move forward, so soon as all were ready.

This advanced post was manned by some 5,000 men, comprising the 2nd Infantry Brigade, 9th Bengal Lancers, one battery of the Royal Field Artillery, some sappers R.E., half of the new Staff Corps of Military Police, and the usual detachments of medical, transport and supply, signallers, etc., all under the command of Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., the commander of the 2nd Infantry Bde. In view of the enemy's dispositions at Tel-el-Kebir, eleven miles to the front westward, and at Ez-Salahieh, 16 miles to the North on the right flank, and the importance of conserving this advanced position as well as protecting the supplies being assembled, it would seem that the force provided was rather weak. However, the Brigade of Guards under H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, was in support at Tel-el-Mahuta, about half-way between Kassassin and Ismailia, while General Sir Drury Lowe's cavalry covered the flank towards Salahieh and guarded the communications from any surprise movement from that direction.

Just before sunrise, our outposts and night patrols of the 9th Bengal Lancers in front of Kassassin towards Tel-el-Kebir were driven in, and we were roused by the reverberations of a smart field-gun fire from the higher ground to the north-westward, while shells began to fall among our tents. We quickly made out some 20 guns in action and could plainly see large bodies of cavalry and infantry approaching in their rear, and realized that we were in for a serious attempt of the enemy to drive us from the position and capture the supplies. We afterwards learned that our opponents were a force of 12,000 men, with 24 guns, brought down during the night from Tel-el-Kebir by Arabi Pasha himself, who expected to act in conjunction with a similar force from Salahieh. With reliable troops and good staff work it should not have been an impossible task for Arabi to carry out his designs, but unfortunately for him there was much friction between the Egyptian leaders and his troops could not, or would not, stand hard pounding. The move from Salahieh miscarried and instead of finding a strong supporting force operating from that direction and diverting our resources, Arabi was soon made to realize that he had the whole affair on his own shoulders and would get no support in time from his colleague. In addition, his chief subordinate was killed by one of our first shells and the whole plan of attack so disconcerted by this event and the non-appearance of the expected force from Salahieh, that the moment of advantage passed, and when finally his attack was launched it was too late,—our people were ready for him.

Our little artillery force of one battery—augmented very quickly by a battery R.H.A. from the rear—had replied promptly to the enemy's cannonade, and General Graham at once thrust forward the units of his brigade in a semi-cir-

cular protecting screen to the west and north-westward of Kassassin Lock,—the 46th Regt. and 3rd Bn. 60th Rifles in front, with the 50th and 84th Regts., and battalion of Royal Marines, in support and reserve. To the reserve, also, was attached the new Staff Corps of Military Police, to which the writer had recently been transferred from his own regiment, the “Royal Fusiliers.” This newly organized corps was under the command of Major G. Barton, C.B., afterwards Major General Sir Geoffrey Burton, commander of the Fusilier Brigade in Natal in the South African War 1899-1902, and Colonel of his old regiment, the “Royal Fusiliers.”

The first of the enemy's shots were concentrated upon our camp and the confusion of the first ten minutes may be imagined as the men of the various units rushed to their alarm posts and were marched off as soon as possible to the open desert, where safety was found in the little depressions and undulations here and there between the gravel ridges which stretched all around. Not a tree, shrub, nor blade of grass was visible, except to the south-west of the canal where a large area was under water and where a few palm trees in a ‘wady’ relieved the bareness and poverty of the whole terrain. This inundation to the south of the canal proved of great value to us as it relieved our commander from any anxiety respecting an enemy's approach upon our left flank. The spectacle of the shells bursting among our tents and scattering our kits and baggage in all directions was not a pleasant one, but most interesting to watch as the canvas of the tents in many instances would be blown upwards like inverted umbrellas and remain suspended in the air for quite an appreciable time before they fell back slowly and gracefully, almost like living things, as the force of the explosion became exhausted.

Others of the enemy's shells had dropped either within or very close to the corral and had driven the beef cattle quite frantic. The increasing uproar as our guns nearby replied, added to the flying splinters and showers of gravel from the explosions of the percussion shells, soon caused a stampede to the rear that was one of the thrilling sights of the day. Breaking out of the en-

closure the whole herd came tearing down past our left flank as our unit lay in reserve awaiting orders. With heads low and tails in the air, these long horned beasts rushed past in a cloud of dust, for all the world like what one imagines must have been a stampede of buffalo in the old days in our western Canadian prairies,—mounted men of the A.S.C. following and endeavouring to shepherd the herd along the north bank of the canal as well as they possibly could, while occasional shells falling among the terrified creatures added to their speed and terror. As they passed about 100 yards from our left it was amusing to hear one of our men say in a stage whisper to a chum nearby, "Hey, Bill, how would you like to be on one of their backs just now?"

Another interesting feature of the opening of the engagement occurred immediately in front of us, and made a deep impression upon the writer as a practical illustration of the value of good discipline and training. The 46th Regiment had "formed up" on the open sandy desert just ahead of us, and as they moved off in fours to the left front, preliminary to extending, received considerable attention from some of the enemy's guns, to which they must have offered an excellent target. As the leading company moved over the top of a little gravelly ridge, it was in a moment apparently smothered in bursting shells and one involuntarily held his breath in awe and expectancy. There being absolutely no wind the smoke of the bursting shells hung like a pall over the ground from the men's waists upwards and a very weird effect was presented as the marching men disappeared into the smoke, leaving only their legs visible, but these moving on with the steadiness and regularity of a machine. Presently, we saw the long column of fours break into the "double" and while the shells continued to burst all around them there was not the slightest wavering, nor variation in their pace though several casualties were left upon the ground, the moving legs disappeared into the smoke until all had passed the danger point and the unit had commenced its deployment to the Right from the north bank of the Canal. To the writer, as a young soldier taking part in his first action it was all very

terrifying, but the steadiness and aplomb of the old 46th, under a very nasty fire to which they could make no reply, was very comforting and satisfactory, and must have made all ranks who were watching them quite confident of the soldierly qualities and value of their comrades. Years afterwards in South Africa, 1900, when joining the Royal Canadian Regiment, with a draft of reinforcements from Canada, it was a great satisfaction to find that the senior unit of the 19th Infantry Brigade, to which the "Royal Canadians" belonged, was this same old English regiment, the conduct and bearing of which had been so much admired at Kassassin, —now the 2nd Battalion, "Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry."

Very soon after the above, the enemy's infantry moved down in extended order under their guns and came forward in long successive lines, making a very pretty picture in their white cotton-drill uniforms with red tarbooshes and black belts and equipment which, in the clear desert air of the early morning, showed up very distinctly. Except for the sighing and whining of shell splinters, the whole thing at this stage appeared like some big field day. Very soon the order came to move and we could see our firing lines and supports moving forward to meet their opponents. By this time the enemy's infantry had opened fire and the cracking of their rifles was incessant, soon to be swelled by crashing volleys from half-companies and companies as our men opened fire in response. The Egyptian rifle fire was not good and mostly went overhead to drop in the intervals between the lines in rear. At one point in our advance where we were lying down, the ground between us and the supports in our front was mainly soft sand for 200-300 yards across. For a time, so heavy was the rifle fire from the enemy in this part of the field that the bullets dropping into it in such numbers made it look exactly like a pond of water when the rain drops splash it up in small spouts, except that in this case the spouts were fine sand in place of water. Fortunately for us this fire was so ill-directed that few bullets fell amongst us and indeed throughout the whole day our casualties were surprisingly small. In the soft sand the shells buried themselves before

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MONTREAL

exploding and then raised little volcanoes of sand and gravel, but did little or no damage. Our shrapnel exploding overhead from time fuzes was of course much more damaging to the enemy. With the exception of our commanding officer and two or three old soldiers none of the writer's unit had been in actual battle before and naturally we felt all the apprehension and anxiety usually experienced by men during their "baptism of fire." Our Major in command, however, excited our unbounded admiration. During the halts in our advance following the front lines and when we were all lying flat on our faces, the Major would do what has been called "The old British officer stunt" by walking calmly to and fro in our immediate front, with his riding whip and white gloves, coolly smoking a cigarette, and cheering us all by remarking that the "gypsies" were "damned bad shots" and couldn't hit us, and that the shells were generally past us safely when we heard them. His coolness and imperturbability created the utmost confidence and we all felt there was nothing very much to be worried

about, though the shells did give one a very uncomfortable feeling, and we had early in the morning a practical illustration of their efficacy. Shortly after our first turnout from the camp, one of the Indian cavalry regiments—the 9th Bengal Lancers—had moved up on our right, and had, about 300-400 yards from us, dismounted and the sowars were standing beside their horses in a convenient hollow, but with their lance points and pennons appearing above the ground in their front, where we could see the C.O. and his Adjutant dismounted and calmly scrutinizing what was going on through their field glasses. While we were looking at them and not more than a few minutes from the time they had reached what to them must have appeared as good cover, an enemy's shell pitched just in front of the two officers and apparently smothered them in sand and gravel. Very quickly another shell dropped just behind the horses of the main body, when one of our sergeants remarked: "The next one will be right among them" He had scarcely uttered the words when the third



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shell plunged right in among the men and horses. There was a lively commotion—we saw the regiment mount and move off to its right in great haste followed by a regular

salvo of shells and leaving some struggling horses and two or three men in the little hollow where they had taken shelter.

(To be continued)

Experiences of a Russian Cavalry Officer.

By Capt. Boris Tchitcherin, Russian Imperial Guard.

Part II

Of the rye we threshed, a few bushels were always kept, for the sake of appearances in the shed, where the work was carried on. The rest was daily put into sacks and after dark, to obviate detection, carried into our cottage. There, in one of the bedrooms, we carefully loosened a couple of planks in the flooring, thus making a passage into the space underneath. The cottage had no basement so we had to excavate sufficient room to hold our grain.

Having heard that the Red Cross with its old staff handled the discharge of the returning prisoners of war, the Imperial War Office being abolished and a new communistic one still in the process of formation, I presented myself to the offices of the former institution and in due form received my discharge certificate. The medical sheet in it proclaimed me to be unfit for further military service, because of heart disease, a little trick on the part of the sympathetic doctor, to help me evade possible conscription into the Red army which was being recruited. At home I carefully erased in the document the word "lieutenant" and substituted for it the word "private." I had given a southwestern city as place of residence, for reasons explained later and that was entered into my papers. On several occasions during the following months the modified discharge certificate proved to be of inestimable value to me.

At the time of my return to Russia, the civil war had already started. The sword always has been the last argument, when words fail and one party resorts to force, as did the communists in overthrowing the provisional government of Kerensky. Siberia under the leadership of Admiral Kolchak was op-

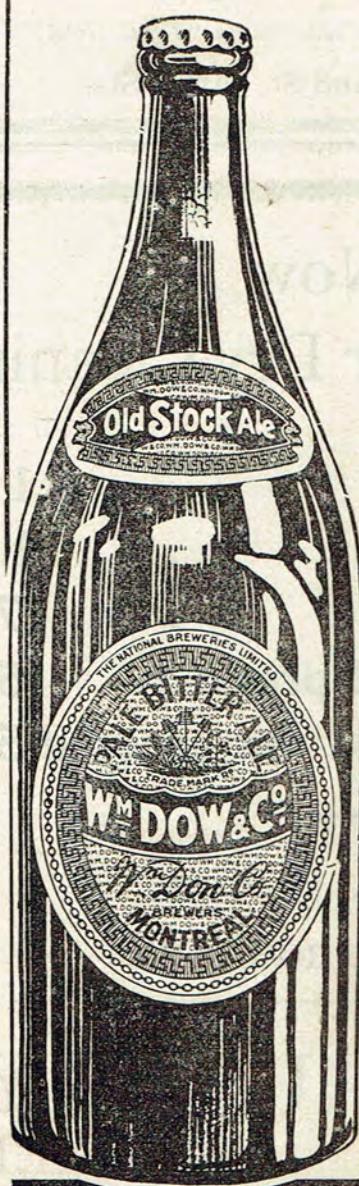
osing the rule of the Soviets, and in the South-eastern provinces the old commander in chief of the Imperial Army-General Alexeev was calling the country to arms against them. The fighting was yet spasmodic, both sides being still insufficiently organized to carry on decisive military operations. Very soon after my return to Russia I had made up my mind to join General Alexeev's force. But how to get there? A direct journey was out of the question, through territory where communist troops were constantly on the move and where any traveller had to give account of himself. After the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty in accordance with its stipulations, German troops had occupied the whole of the southwest of Russia, export of food stuff being the object of this move. The Bolshevik Government having disbanded the old Imperial army was not in a position to refuse any of the conditions imposed upon it. The Germans proclaimed the independence of the southwestern territories from the rest of Russia under the name of Ukraine. A puppet government of local men was set up, but the armed hand of Germany was the actual master of the situation. No communism was tolerated where the Kaiser's troops held sway, and all those unfortunates on Soviet territory, who had reasons to feel insecure, flocked to the Ukraine. Some were seized on the way, but many worked their way through. I decided to try my luck in the same direction.

My position was becoming increasingly precarious. A proclamation had been issued, a couple of weeks after my return from Germany by the Soviet authorities, ordering all former commissioned ranks of the Imperial Army to report at a certain date and place, presumably for purposes of registration. A court martial and death

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penalty were, it was proclaimed, to be the fate of those who failed to submit to the order. Suspecting a trap, I abstained from reporting, and soon learned that my suspicions were well founded; those who rashly or thoughtlessly put in an appearance as required, were thrown into prison without any explanations being given. Rumours of arrests and executions by the "Cheka," at their headquarters on the Lubianka in Moscow, that had been circulating ever since my arrival, became more numerous and definite. From one or two old acquaintances, that I had chanced across, I learned of a number of old friends that had disappeared, after their homes had been raided by detachments of the communistic police. In the streets of the city, which I had to visit from time to time, one often observed these detachments speeding around in automobiles, the only ones to be seen, no vehicles remaining in private possession any longer.

One day, as we were having our midday meal in the Sokolov home, an automobile of the kind stopped in front of our house. Fearing arrest, we men got up hurriedly from table and slipped out through a back window into the garden behind. Women were not yet molested for political reasons in those days. We got out into a neighbouring field and hid in the yet uncut rye. After a while of suspense one of the ladies came to find us and we learned that a mistake of address had been made. This time the dreaded visitors were not after us, but to remain much longer on Soviet territory meant detection sooner or later.

Only one train left Moscow weekly for the Ukraine. The passengers on it I was warned, were carefully checked up by the communist authorities, to prevent any enemies of the new regime from getting away. All the members of the upper and middle classes were naturally rated as enemies unless they happened to have become communists, which was, of course, very exceptional. However, it was better to go out and face an extra risk than remain passive and feel that something vast, impalpable and horrible was closing in around me, a helpless victim. With my discharge certificate I managed to procure myself a pass on the train leaving for the Ukraine in the last week of August

I prepared myself for the journey, thinking out details that might be helpful or otherwise. The costume I provided myself with was of the same quality as any discharged soldier might have had. My belongings, all packed into a small wicker basket, contained nothing that a "proletarian" might not have had in his possession. My hands, coarsened by the harvesting, would not give me away. The speech of a peasant I was hopeful to be able to be able to imitate.

On the date fixed I went to the station. Some time before the train was due to leave, it was suddenly surrounded by a company of red troops and a group of communist officials began the examination of passports and the inspection of baggage. When my turn came, with beating heart I watched a surly faced official run through the pages of my certificate and look into my baggage. Nothing aroused his suspicion and no comment was made. Others were less lucky; a number of people protesting nervously, others with an expression of dumb despair, were marched off under armed escort. It was sickening to think that probably most of them would be soon shot after a summary trial. The communists took no chances and a man arrested on suspicion was not given the benefit of a doubt.

After a delay of couple of hours our train at last left to the great relief of those who had been allowed to remain in it. We knew, however, that a second ordeal of the same kind was awaiting us on the new frontier line between Sovietland and the Ukraine. Serge Sokolov, my companion in captivity, following the same line of action as myself, was with me. The rest of his relatives were to follow a couple of weeks later.

Our train was made up exclusively of box cars. The sleeping accommodation consisted of two tiers of army stretchers fixed on cross beams right and left of the sliding door. The weather was warm and my fifteen fellow passengers and myself were not too uncomfortable. Rustling for food at the stations was our main difficulty, aggravated by the fact that our funds were coming to an end. A slow three day's uneventful journey brought us to the Ukrainian frontier. The same procedure was repeated by the Bolshevik authorities as in

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Moscow. My luck continued, and with the sense of a load being taken off my chest, I saw our train pass through a gap in a barbed wire fence, on the two sides of which stood, facing each other, a German infantryman and a Bolshevik soldier. That feeling, of being under an obligation to the recent enemy of my country marred the joy of my successful escape from the communistic paradise, but I consoled myself with arguments about the lesser evil and besides I was gradually acquiring that state of mind which later became universal amongst Russians, that distinctions of nationality had become a secondary consideration. With the triumph of communism in Russia, with the III International proclaiming in Moscow universal class warfare and death to the enemies of the proletariat, the world seemed to be heading for a new alignment of forces, by class and not by nationality. The world wide struggle of socialistic labour against capital, prophesied by Karl Marx, seemed to be on the point of realization.

(Concluded on page 19)

Sports

ST. JOHNS

THE ALLAN CASE CUP

For Junior N.C.O's. and Men

The competition for this trophy, held on November 12th, was very keen and provided an exhibition of horsemanship and horsemastership that was at times most thrilling. As is often the case the unexpected happened when Trooper Randle, on No. 9 walked away with the cup. L/Cpl. Clarke gave the spectators a splendid exhibition of rough-riding on No. 46 (Sky-line) and although he was thrown several times he finally got the upper-hand and put him over the series of jumps. In this connection it is suggested that Sergeant (Pinky) Green take "Sky-line" over again on return from his rough-riders' course.

Results were as follows:

- 1st—Tpr. D. Randle, on No. 9
- 2nd—Tpr. J. Ross, on No. 5
- 3rd—Cpl. M. Gilmore, on No. 13

4th—L/Cpl. G. Jennings, on No. 41.

Tpr. Ross also rode No. 7 very well and actually got third, although he was not credited with this performance.

We take our hats off to Tpr. Randle for the manner in which he rode his mount which as is well known, is very tempermental.

CAVALRY BARRACKS ANNUAL ROAD RACE.

November 1st

The annual road race was run this year under ideal weather conditions and a large percentage of the garrison turned out. It was especially gratifying to see so many of the old-timers doing their stuff, and the fact that "Old Ben" reached the starting point with his team is worthy of special mention. The course this year was the same as two years ago, the winner Cpl. Lafond, The R.C.R. completing it in 24 minutes and to whom we extend our hearty congratulations.

A very creditable showing was made by all who took part and

a large number completed the course within the time limit.

Our congratulations go to "D" Company, The R.C.R. whose team piled up a total of 813 points, the score of their nearest rivals, 1st Troop, being 460.

The results are as follows:

Teams.

	Points
1st—"D" Co. The R.C.R.	813
2nd—No. 1 Troop, R.C.D.	460
3rd No. Troop, R.C.D.	251

Individuals

1st—Cpl. Lafond, The R.C.R.	75
2nd—Tpr. Ross, R.C.D.	74
3rd—Pte. Gough, The R.C.R.	73

Cockney Caresses—"Young Rose 'Awkins is goin' abaht sayin' you're in love with 'er, 'Arry. Is that right?"

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Canadian Team at International Horse Show, New York, 1928.

Classes Entered:

Qualified Hunters ('B' Course)—Uplands and Lucifer made clean performances. Uplands was placed 4th, but ribbon given to a U.S. Army horse that was 5th, because Uplands' entry was put in too late. This rule re post-entries was given to the team later.

Ciechanowski Cup ('A' Course)—Although Bucephalus 24 hours before this class had a temperature of 102.6 and slight congestion of lungs due to shipping fever, he was allowed to enter and defend his cup as he was normal in temperature. He made 1½ faults only, in spite of his weakness. 1 clean won the cup.

Open Class ('C' Course) 83 entries—4 cleans won the ribbons Bucephalus and Golden Gleam each made ½ fault. Lucifer and Sergt. Murphy made 1 fault each.

Westchester Cup ('A' Course) Teams of three—Aggregate,— Canada—(Bucephalus, Golden Gleam, Sergt. Murphy) 2nd—Canada—(Lucifer, Uplands, Montreal) 3rd,—Our 2 teams beating 1 U.S.A. team and all European.

International Military Stake—('A' Course)—Sergt. Murphy tied second place and got 4th in run off. Bucephalus took off first rail of In and Out and then went clean. Golden Gleam made 2 or 3 ticks.

Scurry Stake, Special Stake, timed—Bucephalus, Golden Gleam and Sergt. Murphy all clean.

Brooks-Bryce Cup ('A' Course)—Montreal and Sergt. Murphy ran off with 2 others for 2nd place, with 2½ faults. Bucephalus and Golden Gleam made 3 faults each.

Open Class ('C' Course) 78 entries—Sgt. Murphy clean, ran off for 1st place with 5 others. Bucephalus, Uplands, Golden Gleam and Lucifer each had ½ fault.

Five Foot Class (Four 5 ft. Jumps)—Lucifer made 2 ticks, Uplands made 1 tick and struck top of wings and jarred some of the poles off and was scored a hind knock down. Montreal had 1 tick and 1 refusal. The judges decided to score 2 for front tick and 1 for hind, and scored thus: Montreal and Uplands 3, Lucifer 4. In the run off Montreal got 2nd and Uplands 4th. According to Toronto Olympia scoring Uplands would have won and Lucifer 2nd. According to the book Lucifer won first or second place.

International Team Class ('A' Course)—Canada was 2 points behind the winning team. Official scores:—

GERMANY	6½	½	2	9
U.S.A.	5½	0	4½	9½*
POLAND	1	3½	5	9½
CANADA	3	6	2	11
BELGIUM	4½	1	6	11½
HOLLAND	6	2½	4	12½

*In run off 5

Canada's Score

Bucephalus ...—	½	½	2	—3
Sgt. Murphy ..½	½	2½	2½	—6
Golden Gleam . ½	½	½	½	—2

Touch and Out—Lucifer was left in finals, and ran off with more than a dozen. The other five horses were put out with a tick.

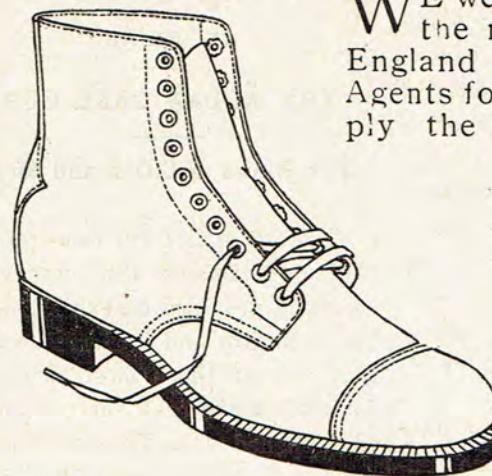
Corinthian Hunters—Lucifer and Uplands both clean performances but were not looked at although conformation only 25%.

Teams of 3 jumpers ('C' Course)—Jump together (no tickling slips)—Canadian first team (Bucephalus, Golden Gleam and Montreal) made 1 tick (½ fault) and really won the class. The judges introduced the same iniquitous system as they had in the 5 foot class—2 for front tick or hind knock down, 1 for hind tick. They made us run off with a U.S.A. Team that had two ticks and with a U.S. Team that had a hind knock down. We fell to third place. In our second team Uplands and Murphy went clean.

Triple Bars—All our horses did well, but were tired. Golden Gleam got ½ fault and tied for 3rd place; got 4th ribbon in run off. There were two cleans.

We scratched our entries in the two 'pairs of jumpers' classes in order to save our horses.

Our horses arrived too late, the day before the show. Bucephalus never got over his fever in the unhealthy hot stables under the Garden. All other teams were there one week or more. The footing this year was bad, much too hard. The U.S.A. had 5 riders and 22 horses (some loaned) and had thousands of dollar behind them and therefore



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had a tremendous advantage over the rest. There was really nothing to choose between the teams on the night of the Team Cup. U.S.A. should have won.

The Canadian horses were ridden thus,—

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.—Bucephalus, Uplands

Captain S. C. Bate, R.C.D.—Golden Gleam, Lucifer.

Captain Hammond, R.C.D.—Sergt. Murphy, Montreal.

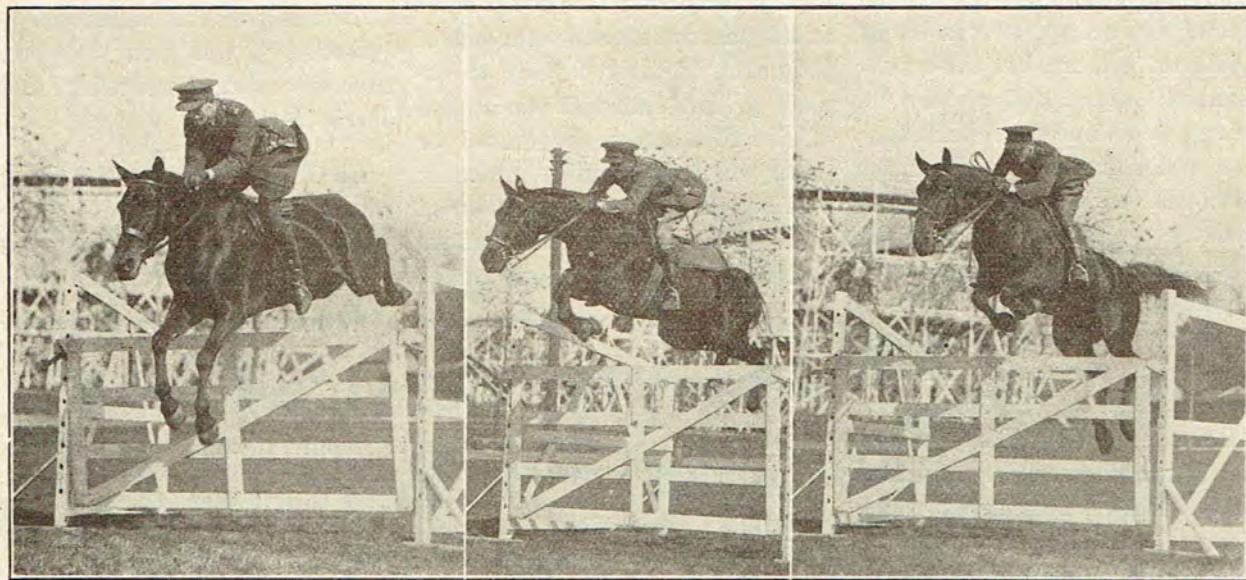
The general opinion of Americans and Canadians at the Show was that Canada rode against a good deal of hard luck as she was so near winning several classes and the performances generally averaged as high or higher than any of the other teams except the U.S.A.

(Continued from page 10)

There have been so many cries of wolf! wolf! in these latter months that Autlan and I were taken by surprise. The rape of Autlan has done the cause a lot of harm locally. More than 75% were pro-rebel. Rumors are rampant. Seven can become seventy and seventy seven hundred in no time. This is the worst raid Autlan has suffered since Diaz died and was completely unexpected.

(Continued from page 17)

In the Ukraine I had a married sister living in Chernigov, where her husband had recently received an appointment of county court judge. Our meeting was a joyful one, especially for me, not having seen any of my relatives for over four years. Two months I spent enjoying home life again and working at various odd jobs, mostly as a labourer, to earn a little money. Not to mention the numerous refugees from Soviet Russia everyone, even the residents of the new born Ukraine, had been affected by the revolution, and the whole social structure had undergone a complete change. Wealthy people now penniless, could be seen at the most unexpected occupations. Army generals had turned small store-keepers, lawyers could be seen earning their living as labourers, civil engineers might be observed gardening and selling their produce on the market place. The political situation was also a very unusual one. The civil administration headed by Skoropadsky, a former general of the Imperial Guards, was officially termed Ukrainian Germany had the idea of eventually forming a



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buffer state out of the southwestern Russian provinces, and to differentiate them as much as possible from the rest of the country, various measures were enacted as, for example, the local patois was promoted to the rank of official language. Few people, except the peasantry, could speak it and in consequence one constantly ran up against humorous or annoying little incidents. The army was German, and the actual policing was done by it. A few small detachments of would-be Ukrainian troops were tolerated by the Germans for appearances sake. They had an old fashioned costume adapted for modern use as a uniform and the words of command were changed into the patois, but the officers, coming all of them, from the old Imperial Army, often slipped into the more familiar Russian literary language.

The life of the country had assumed the unreality of a theatrical show, and two factors actually governed the situation; first, the German occupation, which obviously would not last for ever and whose main object was the export of food to the starving Central European monarchies, and secondly, the threat of Bolshevik invasion from the north, which un-

doubtedly would take place immediately the Germans chose to leave.

A crisis came much sooner than we expected. In November the news suddenly spread like wildfire that Germany was beaten, that an armistice had been signed between the Allies and the Central Powers, and as its units moved west the country was gradually invaded by the Soviet troops. Skoropadsky made a vain effort to organize resistance, but an effective army cannot be created overnight. General Count Keller was appointed commander in chief and an appeal was issued to join the colours, but the masses remained either passive or, not having experienced communism, were awaiting the coming of the Bolsheviks with an impatience carefully worked up by a skilful propaganda directed from Moscow. Only men from the upper and middle classes could be considered reliable, but their ranks had been sadly depleted by the Great War. In Chernigov, where I lived about three hundred ex-officers and men hastily formed a detachment which I joined. In the local arsenal we found rifles, four machine guns, two eighteen pound field guns, two armoured cars and some equipment. The barracks were unfit to be inhabited and some kind of bil-

let had to be commandeered. After a careful survey we finally picked out a girls college, temporarily closed because of an outbreak of measles amongst the pupils. The building was the most suitable one because of its location, shape and solidity of construction. It could serve as a fort in case of emergency. I was one of three delegated to inform the headmistress of our decision. The old lady protested at first indignantly. Being chief spokesman I had difficulty in keeping my temper in face of her blind unimaginativeness and total lack of judgment. Politely I tried to explain to her, that with the advent of the Bolsheviks she would be among the first to suffer, probably with her life, that her school would certainly cease to function under communist rule and her pupils

scattered to the four winds, that in short it was in her interest and her obvious duty to assist us in every possible way, instead of creating obstacles. Finally an agreement was reached. To humour the old lady and make her feel that a promise had been made I did not object to the bed linen being removed from the dormitories, but I insisted on the mattresses being left on the beds.

(To be Continued)

Careful, Bill! Mary—"Bill made a forward pass this afternoon."

Ruth—"I told you that you'd have to watch those college boys, dearie."—Life.

No Change—Clara—"Do you get your alimony regularly?"

Marie—"No, I might just as well be living with him."—Life.

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